

CP 21 g. 24/40

FAINT SKETCH OF A CHARACTER;

Attempted on the loss of a much respected Friend.

IF industry, if knowledge of Mankind,
Could prove that Fortune is not always blind;
If wealth acquir'd could prompt an open heart,
To feel new joys its blessings to impart;
If lib'ral thoughts, with social manners grac'd,
Please beyond sense by four reserve debas'd;
Lament with me such worth should be withdrawn,
And all who knew his worth must weep for STRAHAN!

In Bus'ness, which became his pleasure, keen,
Though not enough the tradesman to be mean;
For ever active, yet on such a plan,
As always to appear the easy man.
Deserving youth, it gave him joy to aid;
A joy not often fought by men in trade.
Weak minds turn giddy as success attends,
But he ne'er lost himself, nor former friends:
Conscious of rectitude, he liv'd and died,
Superior to the *littleness of Pride*;
Pride, that exacting homage, meets, in place
Of true respect, contempt beneath grimace.

A breast thus warm could not with coolness bear
Those base returns the good must sometimes share;
Sincere himself, his feelings stood excus'd,
Never by one man to be twice abus'd:
For natures change not; as the leopard's skin
Is stain'd without, so hearts are stain'd within.

Numbers, whose private sorrows he reliev'd,
Have felt a loss, alas! but ill conceiv'd;
He's gone! And *those* who miss him, never will
Find equal excellence his place to fill:
Say *Davidson*! best judge of this sad truth,
Who can replace the comrade of thy youth?
Though "here we are," the boast alas is small,
One eddy of oblivion draws in all!
Yet will thy virtues STRAHAN remember'd be,
Till that resistless gulph shall swallow me.

 *Intimate friend of A. B. Baydel*

J. N.

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